#3
LOVELOST

Aug 88

You're standing alone now
Trying to balance the weight of
the U no one knows and the
man U love
There not there anymore, are
they jealous and envious, or
do they think you're a fool?
Do there eyes see what your
heart will not let you?
Tattered and tainted you press on
A true survior you are, never
giving up until all hope is lost
Or your heart torn to shreads
You say you couldn't go on
after the music stops
But U have inner rhythm, and
that what real dancers listen too
Could this be reality or this big
bullshit called life?
Or, are they one in the same?
Tears the offering of dream
shattered, heart broken, and
wounded spirits
They can be of comfort and they will
But for whom will they be shed.
Give in to it all, let it consume U
You've come this far another inch will
either make or break U
Your heart will not be satisfied with
mediocrity
You are an extremist, and that puts
You in a class with few others

#3
LOVE-LOST

55pm

November 21, 1993

Playing catch up now, desperately trying to convince myself that this will all end soon
That the road back to me, is the road that runs through me. getting there is what I dread
Wasted time, space, energy; Shattered dreams, emotions, faces
Thinking of all the dances, places, days and evenings
Praying for early release, early parole for life sentence
Don't talk to me now, lay down, shut up, mama's the only sympathy I need
Leave me here enjoying my sorrow, caressing it now as if life depended on it
It's something, better than nothing, better than uncertainty existing on neither man courage or insanity